



*This was for youth, Strength, Mirth, and wit that Time  
Most count their golden Age; but t'was not thine.  
Thine was thy later yeares, so much refined  
From youth's Droſke, Mirth, or wit; as thy pure mind  
Thought (like the Angels) nothing but the Praise  
Of thy Creator, in those last, best Dayes.*

*Witness this Booke, (thy Embleme) which begins  
With Love; but ends, with Sighes, & Teares for ſins.*

*Will: Marshall. ſculpsit.*

*IZ: WA:*



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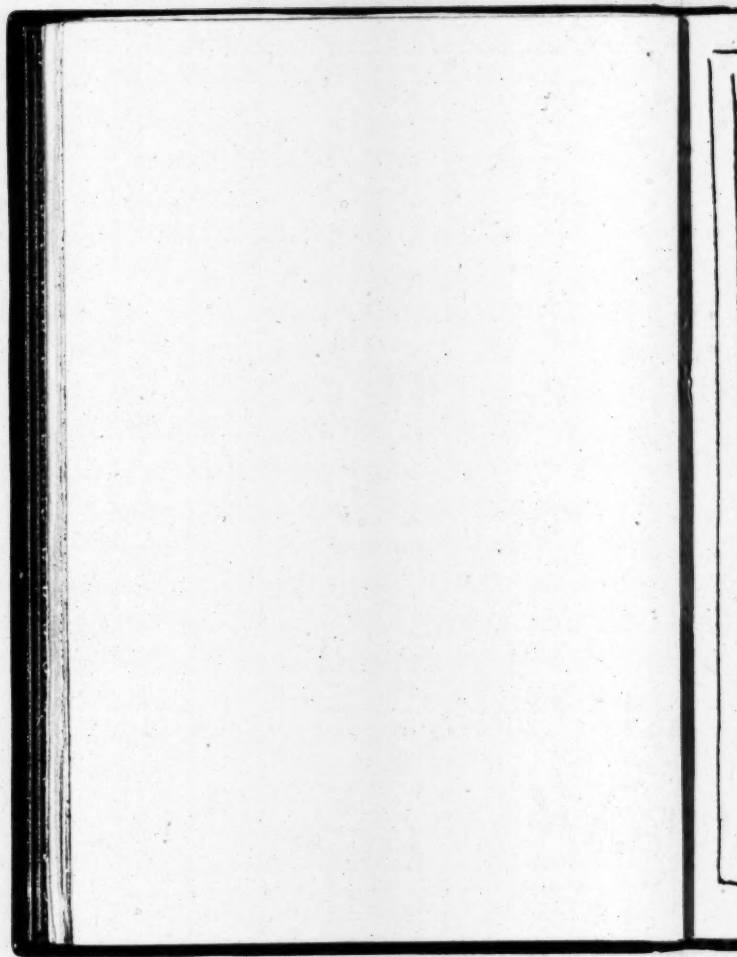
*IZ: WA:*

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*The First Anniversarie.*

A N  
ANATOMIE  
of the VVorld.

*Wherein,*  
BY OCCASION OF  
*the untimely death of Mistris*  
ELIZABETH DRURY,  
the frailtie and the decay of  
this whole World is  
represented.



LONDON,

Printed by *M. Bradwood* for *S. Macham*, and are  
to be sold at his shop in Pauls Church-yard at the  
signe of the Bull-head. 1612.



T

V

Th

N

B

W



TO THE PRAISE  
of the Dead, and the  
ANATOMY.

WELL dy'de the World, that  
we might liue to see

This World of Wit, in his Ana-  
tomee :

No euill wants his good : so wilder  
heyres ;

Bedew their fathers Toombes, with  
forced teares,

Whose state requites their losse :  
Whiles thus we gaine

To the praise of the Dead,

Well may we walke in blacks, but  
not complaine.

Yet how can I consent the world is  
dead

While this Muse liues ? which in his  
spirits stead

Seemes to informe a world : and  
bids it bee,

In spight of losse, or fraile mortali-  
tee ?

And thou the subiect of this wel-  
borne thought,

Thrise noble maid ; couldst not haue  
fownd nor sought

A fitter time to yeeld to thy sad  
Fate,

Then whiles this spirit liues ; that  
can relate

Thy

and the Anatomic.

Thy worth so well to our last ne-  
phews eyne,

That they shall wonder both at his,  
and thine :

Admired match ! where striues in  
mutuall grace

The cunning Pencill, and the ceom-  
ly face :

At aske, which thy faire goodnesse  
made too much

For the bold pride of vulgar pens  
to touch ;

Enough is vs to praise them that  
praise thee,

And say that but enough those prai-  
ses bee,

Which had'st thou liu'd , had hid  
their fearefull head

To the praise of the Dead,

From th'angry checkings of thy mo-  
destred :

Death bars reward and shame :

When enuy's gone,

And gaine ; 'tis safe to giue the dead  
their owne.

As then the wise Egyptians wont to  
lay

More on their Tombes, then houses :  
these of clay,

But those of brasse, or marble were ;  
so wee

Giue more vnto thy Ghost , then  
vnto thee.

Yet what we giue to thee , thou  
gauest to vs,

And maiest but thanke thy selfe, for  
being thus :

Yet

and the Anatomic.

Yet what thou gav'st, and wert, O  
happy maid,

Thy grace profeſt all due, were'tis  
repayd.

So theſe high ſongs that to thee ſuited  
bine,

Serve but to ſound thy makers  
praiſe, in thine,

Which thy deare ſoule as ſweetly  
ſings to him

Amid the Quire of Saints and Se-  
raphim,

As any Angels tongue can ſing of  
thee;

The ſubjects differ, tho' the ſkill  
agree:

For as by infant-yeeres men iudge  
of age,

To the praise of the Dead,

Thy early loue, thy vertues, did  
presage

What an big part thou bearest in  
those best songs

Whereto no burden, nor no end be-  
longs.

Sing on thou Virgin soule, whose  
lossefull gainc

Thy loue-sicke Parents haue be-  
wayld in vaine;

Neuer may thy name be in our  
songs forgot

Till we shall sing thy ditty, and thy  
note.

The





*The First Anniversary.*

A N  
ANATOMIE  
*of the World.*

WHen that rich soule which  
to her heauen is gone,  
Whom all they celebrate, who  
know they haue one,  
(For who is sure he hath a soule,  
vnlesse  
It see, and Iudge, and follow wor-  
thinesse,  
And by Deedes praise it? He who  
doth not this,

May

*The moris  
into the  
worke.*

May lodge an In-mate soule, but  
tis not his.)

When that Queene ended here her  
progressse time.

And, as t' her standing house, to  
heauen did clymbe,

Where, loth to make the Saints  
attend her long,

Shée's now a part both of the  
Quire, and Song.

This, world, in that great earth-  
quake languished;

For in a common Bath of teares  
it bled,

Which drew the strongest vitall  
spirits out:

But succour'd then with a perplex-  
ed doubt,

Whether the world did loose or  
gaine in this,

(Because since now no other way  
there is

But

But goodnesse, to see her, whom  
all would see,  
All must endeavour to be good as  
(hee.)  
This great consumption to a feuer  
turn'd,  
And so the world had fits ; it ioy'd,  
it mournd,  
And, as men thinke, that Agues  
physicke are,  
And th' Ague being spent, giue  
ouer care,  
So thou, sicke world, mistak'st thy  
selfe to bee  
Well, when alas, thou'rt in a Le-  
targee.  
Her death did wound, and tame  
thee than, and than  
Thou mightst haue better spar'd  
the Sunne, or Man;  
That wound was deepe, but 'tis  
more misery,

That

That thou hast lost thy sense and  
memory.

T'was heauy then to heare thy  
voyce of mone,

But this is worse, that thou art  
speechlesse growne.

Thou hast forgot thy name, thou  
hadst; thou wast

Nothing but she, and her thou hast  
o'repast.

For as a child kept from the Fount,  
vntill

A Prince, expected long, come to  
fulfill

The Ceremonies, thou vnnam'd  
hadst laid,

Had not her comming, thee her  
Palace made:

Her name defin'd thee, gaue thee  
forme and frame,

And thou forgetst to celebrate thy  
name.

Some

*The first Anniiuersarie.*

5

Some moneths she hath beene  
dead (but being dead,  
Measures of times are all determi-  
ned)

But long shee'ath beene away,  
long, long, yet none  
Offers to tell vs who it is that's  
gone.

But as in states doubtfull of future  
heyres,  
When sickenesse without remedy,  
empayres

The present Prince, they're loth it  
should be said,  
The Prince doth languish, or the  
Prince is dead :

So mankind feeling now a generall  
thaw,  
A strong example gone equall to  
law,

The Cymen which did faithfully  
compact

And

And glue all vertues, now resolu'd,  
and slack'd,  
Thought it some blasphemy to say  
sh'was dead;  
Or that our weaknesse was disco-  
uered  
In that confession; therefore spoke  
no more  
Then tongues, the soule being  
gone, the losse deplore.  
But though it be too late to suc-  
cour thee,  
Sicke world, yea dead, yea putrifi-  
ed, since shee  
Thy'nrrinsique Balme, and thy pre-  
servatiue,  
Can neuer be renew'd, thou neuer  
liue,  
I (since no man can make thee liue)  
will trie,  
What we may gaine by thy Ana-  
tomy.

Her

Her death hath taught vs dearely,  
that thou art

Corrupt and mortall in thy pureſt  
part.

Let no man ſay, the world it ſelfe  
being dead,

'Tis labour loſt to haue diſco-  
uered.

The worlds infirmities, ſince there  
is none

Alive to ſtudy this diſſecti-  
one;

For there's a kind of world remai-  
ning ſtill,

Though ſhee which did inanimate  
and fill

The world, be gone, yet in this  
laſt long night,

Her Ghoſt doth walke; that is, a  
glimmerig light,

A faint weake loue of vertue and  
of good

Reſlects

*what liſe the  
world haſt  
ſtill.*

Reflects from her , on them which  
vnderstood  
Her worth ; And though she haue  
shut in all day,  
The twi-light of her memory doth  
stay ;  
Which, from the carcasse of the  
old world, free,  
Creates a new world ; and new  
creatures bee  
Produc'd : The matter and the  
stufte of this,  
Her vertue, and the forme our  
practise is.  
And though to be thus Elemented,  
arme  
These Creatures, from hom-borne  
intrinsique harme,  
(For all assum'd vnto this Dig-  
nitee,  
So many weedlesse Paradises  
bee,

Which



*The first Anniversarie.*

9

Which of themselves produce no  
venemous sinne,

Except some forraine Serpent  
bring it in)

Yet, because outward stormes  
the strongest breake,

And strength it selfe by confidence  
growes weake,

This new world may be safer, be-  
ing told

The dangers and diseases of the  
old:

*The sick-  
nesses of the  
world.*

For with due temper men do then  
forgoe,

Or couet things, when they their  
true worth know.

There is no health; Phisicians say  
that wee

*Impossibility  
of health.*

At best, enioy, but a neutra-  
litee.

And can there be worse sicknesse,  
then to know

B

That

That we are neuer well, nor can  
beso?

We are borne ruinous: poore mo-  
thers crie,

That children come not right, nor  
orderly,

Except they headlong come and  
fall vpon

An ominous precipita-  
tion.

How witty's ruine? how impor-  
tunate

Vpon mankinde? It labour'd to  
frustrate

Euen Gods purpose; and made  
woman, sent

For mans reliefe, cause of his lan-  
guishment.

They were to good ends, and they  
are so fill,

But accessory, and principall  
in ill.

For

*The first Anniuerfarie.*

II

For that first mariage was our fun-  
nerall:

One woman at one blow, then  
kill'd vs all,

And singly, one by one, they kill vs  
now.

We doe delightfully our selues al-  
low

To that consumption; and pro-  
fusely blinde,

We kill our selues, to propagate,  
our kinde.

And yet we doe not that; we are  
not men:

There is not now that mankinde,  
which was then

When as the Sunne, and man, did  
seeme to strue,

(Ioynt tenants of the world) who  
should suruie.

*Shortnesse of  
life.*

When Stag, and Rauens, and the  
long-liu'd tree.

B 2

Compar'd

Compar'd withman , dy'de in minoritee.

When, if a slow-pac'd starre had stolne away

From the obseruers marking, he might stay

Two or three hundred yeeres to see't againe,

And then make vp his obseruation plaine;

When, as the age was long, the life was great :

Mans growth confess'd, and recompenc'd the meat :

So spacious and large, that euery soule

Did a faire Kingdome , and large Realme controule :

And when the very stature thus erect,

Did that soule a good way towards Heauen direct.

Where

*The first Anninerfarie.*

13

Where is this mankind now ? who  
liues to age,  
Fit to be made *Methusalem* his  
page ?

Alas, we scarce liue long enough to  
trie ;

Whether a true made clocke run  
right, or lie.

Old Grandfires talke of yester-  
day with sorrow,

And for our children we reserue to  
morrow.

So short is life , that euery peasant  
striues,

In a torne house, or field, to haue  
three liues,

And as in lasting, so in length is  
man.

Contracted to an inch, who was a  
span,

For had a man at first, in Forrests  
stray'd,

*Smallnesse of  
stature.*

B 3

Or

Or shipwrack'd in the Sea, one  
would haue laid  
A wager that an Elephant, or  
Whale  
That met him, would not hastily  
assaile  
A thing so equal to him : now  
alas.  
The Fayries, and the Pigmies well  
may passe  
As credible ; mankind decays so  
soone,  
We're searse our Fathers shadowes  
cast at noone.  
Onely death addes t'our lengt'h :  
nor are we growne  
In stature to be men, till we are  
none.  
But this were light, did our lesse  
volume hold  
All the old Text; or had we chang'd  
to gold  
Their

Their siluer; or dispos'd into lesse  
glas,  
Spirits of vertue, which then scat-  
tered was.

But 'tis not so: w'are not retir'd,  
but damp't?  
And as our bodies, so our mindes  
are cramp't:

'Tis thrinking, not close-weaning,  
that hath thus,  
In minde and body both bedwarfed  
vs.

We seeme ambitious, Gods whole  
worke t'vndoe;  
Of nothing he made vs, and we  
strive too,  
To bring our selves to nothing  
backe; and we  
Do what we can, to do't so soone  
as hee.

With new diseases on our selves  
we warre,

And with new phisicke, a worse  
Engin farre.

Thus man, this worlds Vice-Empe-  
ror, in whom  
All faculties, all graces are at  
home ;

And if in other Creatures they ap-  
peare,

They're but mans ministers, and  
Legats there,

To worke on their rebellions , and  
reduce

Them to Ciuility, and to mans  
vse.

This man, whom God did wooe,  
and loth t'attend

Till man came vp, did downe to  
man descend,

This man, so great, that all that is,  
is his,

Oh what a trifle, and poore thing  
he is ?

If



If man were any thing, he's no-  
thing now:  
Helpe, or at least some time to  
waite, allow  
This other wants, yet when he did  
depart  
With her whom we lament, he  
lost his heart.  
She, of whom th' Ancients seem'd  
to prophesie,  
When they call'd vertues by the  
name of shee,  
She in whom vertue was so much  
refin'd,  
That for Allay vnto so pure a  
minde  
Shee tooke the weaker Sex, the  
that could driue  
The poysonous tincture, and the  
stayne of *Fue*,  
Out of her thoughts, and deeds;  
and purifie

All,

All, by a true religious Alchi-  
my;  
Shee, shee is dead ; shee's dead :  
when thou knowest this,  
Thou knowest how poore a trifling  
thing man is.  
And learn'st thus much by our  
Anatomee,  
The heart being perish'd, no part  
can be free.  
And that except thou feed (not  
banquet) on  
The supernaturall food , Reli-  
gion.  
Thy better Growth growes with-  
ered, and scant;  
Be more than man, or thou'rt lesse  
then an Ant.  
Then, as mankinde, so is the worlds  
whole frame  
Quite out of ioynt, almost created  
lame:

For,

*The first Anniiuersarie.*

19

For, before God had made vp all  
the rest,  
Corruption entred, and deprauid  
the best:  
It seisd the Angels, and then first  
of all  
The world did in her Cradle take a  
fall,  
And turn'd her brains, and tooke a  
generall maim  
Wrongs each ioynt of th'vniuersall  
frame.  
The noblest part, man, felt it first;  
and than  
Both beasts and plants, curst in the  
curse of man.  
So did the world from the first  
houre decay,  
That euening was beginning of  
the day,  
And now the Springs and Som-  
mers which we see,

*Decay of na-  
ture in other  
parts.*

Like

Like sonnes of women after fifty  
bee.

And new Philosophy calls all in  
doubt,

The Element of fire is quite put  
out;

The Sunne is lost, and th' earth, and  
no mans wit

Can wel direct him where to looke  
for it.

And freely men confesse that this  
world's spent,

When in the Planets, and the Fir-  
mament

They seeke so many new; they see  
that this

Is crumbled out againe to his  
Atomis.

'Tis all in pieces, all cohærence  
gone;

All inst supply, and all Rela-  
tion:

Prince

*The First Anniversarie.*

21

Prince, Subiect, Father, Sonne,  
are things forgot,  
For euery man alone thinkes he  
hath got  
To be a Phoenix, and that then can  
bee  
None of that kinde, of which he is,  
but hee.  
This is the worlds condition now,  
and now  
She that should all parts to reuni-  
on bow,  
She that had all Magnetique force  
alone,  
To draw, and fasten sundred parts  
in one;  
She whom wise nature had inuen-  
ted then  
When she obseru'd that euery sort  
of men  
Did in their voyage in this worlds  
Sea stray,

And

And needed a new compasse for  
their way ;  
Shee that was best, and first originall  
Of all faire copies ; and the  
generall  
Steward to Fate ; shee whose rich  
eyes, and brest :  
Guilt the West Indies, and perfume'd the East ;  
Whose hauing breath'd in this  
world, did bestow  
Spice on those Isles, and bad them  
still smell so,  
And that rich Indie which doth  
gold interre,  
Is but as single money, coyn'd  
from her :  
She to whom this world must it  
selfe refer,  
As Suburbs, or the Microcosme of  
her,

Shee,

Shee, shee is dead; shee's dead:  
when thou knowest this,  
Thou knowst how lame a cripple  
this world is.  
And learnst thus much by our  
Anatomy,  
That this worlds generall sickenes  
doth not lie  
In any humour, or one certaine  
part;  
But as thou sawest it rotten at the  
heart,  
Thou seest a Heëtique feuer hath  
got hold  
Of the whole substance, not to be  
contrould.  
And that thou hast but one way,  
not t'admit  
The worlds infection, to be none  
of it.  
For the worlds subtilst immaterial  
parts

Feele

*Disformity  
of parts.*

Feele this consuming wound, and  
ages darts.

For the worlds beauty is decayd,  
or gone,

Beauty, that's colour, and propor-  
tion.

We thinke the heauens enioy their  
Sphericall

Their round proportion embracing  
all.

But yet their various and perplexed  
course,

Observ'd in diuers ages doth en-  
force

Men to finde out so many Eccen-  
trique parts,

Such diuers downe-right lines,  
such ouerthwarts,

As disproportion that pure forme.  
It teares

The Firmament in eight and forty  
sheeres,

And



*The first Anniversarie.*

25

And in these constillations then  
arise  
New starres, and old doe vanish  
from our eyes :  
As though heau'n suffred earth-  
quakes, peace or war,  
When new Towers rise, and old  
demolish'd are.  
They haue empayld within a Zo-  
diake  
The free-borne Sunne, and keepe  
twelue signes awake  
To watch his steps ; the Goat and  
Crabbe controule,  
And fright him backe, who els to  
eyther Pole,  
(Did not these Tropiques fetter  
him) might runne :  
For his course is not round; nor can  
the Sunne  
Perfit a Circle, or maintaine his  
way

C

One

One inche direct; but where he  
rose to day  
He comes no more, but with a  
coufening line,  
Steales by that point, and so is Ser-  
pentine:  
And seeming weary with his reele-  
ing thus,  
He meanes to sleepe, being now  
falne nearer vs.  
So, of the starres which boast that  
they doe runne  
In Circle still, none ends where he  
begunne.  
All their proportion's lame, it sinks,  
it swels.  
For of Meridians, and Paral-  
lels,  
Man hath weau'd out a net, and  
this net throwne  
Vpon the Heauens, and now they  
are his owne.

Loth

Loth to goe vp the hill, or labour  
thus  
To go to heauen, we make heauen  
come to vs.  
We spur, we raigne the stars, and  
in their race  
They're diuersly content t'obey  
our peace,  
But keeps the earth her round  
proportion still?  
Doth not a Tenarif, or higher  
Hill  
Rise so high like a Rocke, that one  
might thinke  
The floating Moone would ship-  
wracke there, and sinke?  
Seas are so deepe, that VWhales be-  
ing strooke to day,  
Perchance to morrow, scarce at  
middle way  
Of their wish'd iourneys end, the  
bottom, dye.

And men, to found depths, so  
much line vntie,  
As one might iustly thinke, that  
there would rise  
At end thereof, one of th' Anti-  
podies :  
If vnder all , a Vault infernall  
be,  
(Which sure is spacious, except  
that we  
Inuent another torment, that there  
must  
Millions into a strait hot roome be  
thrust)  
Then solidnesse, and roundnesse  
haue no place.  
Are these but warts, and pock-  
holes in the face  
Of th' earth? Thinke so : But yet  
confesse, in this  
The worlds proportion disfigured  
is,

That

*The first Anniversarie.*

29

*Disorder in  
the world.*

That those two legges whercon it  
doth rely,

Reward and punishment are bent  
awry.

And, Oh, it can no more be questi-  
oned,

That beauties best, proportion, is  
dead,

Since euen grieve it selfe, which  
now alone

Is left vs, is without propor-  
tion.

Shee by whose lines proportion  
should bee

Examin'd, measure of all Symme-  
tree,

Whom had that Ancient seene,  
who thought soules made

Of Harmony, he would at next  
haue said

That Harmony was shee, and  
thence infer,

C 3

That

That soules were but Refulrances  
from her,  
And did from her into our bodies  
go,  
As to our eyes, the formes from  
objects flow:  
Shee, who if those great Douctors  
truely said  
That th'Arke to mans proportions  
was made,  
Had beene a type for that, as that  
might be  
A type of her in this, that con-  
trary  
Both Elements, and Passions liu'd  
at peace  
In her, who caus'd all Ciuill war to  
cease.  
Shee, after whom, what forme  
swe see,  
Is discord, and rude incongrui-  
tee,

Shee,

Shee, shee is dead, shee's dead;  
when thou knowest this,  
Thou knowst how vgly a monster  
this world is :  
And learnst thus much by our  
Anatomee,  
That here is nothing to enamor  
thee:  
And that, not onely faults in in-  
ward parts,  
Corruptions in our braines, or in  
our harts.  
Poysoning the fountaines, whence  
our actions spring,  
Endanger vs : but that if euery  
thing  
Be not done fitly'nd in propor-  
tion,  
To satisfie wise, and good lookers  
on,  
(Since most men be such as most  
thinke they bee)

They're lothsome too, by this De-  
formitee.

For good, and well, must in our  
actions meete;

Wicked is not much worse then  
indiscreet.

But beauties other second Ele-  
ment,

Colour, and lustre now, is as neere  
spent.

And had the world his iust propor-  
tion,

Were it a ring still, yet the stone is  
gone.

As a compassionate Turcoyse  
which doth tell

By looking pale, the wearer is not  
well,

As gold fals sicke being stung with  
Mercury,

All the worlds parts of such com-  
plexion bee.

When



When nature was most busie, the  
first weeke,  
Swadling the new-borne earth,  
God seemd to like,  
That she should sport herselfe  
sometimes, and play,  
To mingle, and vary colours euery  
day.  
And then, as though she could not  
make inow,  
Himselfe his various Rainbow did  
allow,  
Sight is the noblest sense of any  
one,  
Yet sight hath onely colour to  
feed on,  
And colour is decayd : summers  
robe growes  
Duskie, and like an oft dyed gar-  
ment showes.  
Our blushing redde, which vs'd in  
cheekes to spred,

Is

Is inward sunke, and onely our  
soules are redde.

Perchance the world might haue  
recovered,

If she whom we lament had not  
beene dead :

But shee, in whom all white, and  
red, and blew

(Beauties ingredients) voluntary  
grew,

As in an vnnext Paradise ; from  
whom

Did all things verdure, and their  
lustre come,

Whose composition was miracu-  
lous,

Being all colour , all Diapha-  
nous,

(For Ayre, and Fire but thicke  
grosse bodies were,

And liueliest stones but drowisie,  
and pale to her,)

Shee,

Shce, shee, is dead; shee's dead :  
when thou knowst this,  
Thou knowest how wan a Ghost  
this our world is :  
And learnst thus much by our  
Anatomee,  
That it should more affright, then  
pleasure thee.  
And that, since all faire color then  
did sinke,  
Tis now but wicked vanity to  
thinke,  
To colour vitious deeds with good  
pretence,  
Or with bought colors to illude  
mensense.  
Nor in ought more this worlds de-  
cay appeares,  
Then that her influence the heau'n  
forbeares,  
Or that the Elements doe not feele  
this,

*Weaknesse  
in the want  
of corres-  
pondence of  
heaven and  
earth*

The

The father, or the mother barren  
is.

The clouds conceiue not raine, or  
doe not powre

In the due birth-time, downe the  
balmy showre.

Th' Ayre doth not motherly sit on  
the earth,

To hatch her seasons, and giue all  
things birth.

Spring-times were common cra-  
dles, but are toombes;

And false-conceptions fill the ge-  
nerall wombs.

Th' Ayre shoves such Meteors, as  
none can see,

Not onely what they meane, but  
what they bee.

Earth such new wormes, as would  
haue troubled much,

Th' Egyptian Mages to haue made  
more such.

What

What Artift now dares boast that  
he can bring  
Heaven hither, or constellate any  
thing,  
So as the influence of those starres  
may bee  
Imprisoned in an Hearbe, or  
Charme, or Tree,  
And doe by touch, all which those  
starres could doe?  
The art is lost, and correspondence  
too.  
For heaven giues little, and the  
earth takes lesse,  
And man least knowes their trade,  
and purposes.  
If this commerce twixt heaven and  
earth were not  
Embarr'd, and all this trafique  
quite forgot,  
Shee, for whose losse we haue la-  
mented thus,

Would

Would worke more fully' and  
pow'rfully on vs.  
Since herbes, and roots by dying,  
lose not all,  
But they, yea Ashes too, are me-  
dicinall,  
Death could not quench her ver-  
tue so, but that  
It would be (if not follow'd) won-  
dred at :  
And all the world would be one  
dying Swan,  
To sing her funerall praise, and va-  
nish than.  
But as some Serpents poison hurt-  
eth not,  
Except it be from the liue Serpent  
shot,  
So doth her vertue need her here,  
to fit  
That vnto vs; she working more  
then it.

But

But ſhe, in whom, to ſuch maturity,  
Vertue was growne, paſt growth,  
that it muſt die,  
She from whoſe influence all Impreſſion came,  
But, by Receiuers impotencies,  
lame,  
Who, though ſhe could not tranſubſtantiate  
All ſtates to gold, yet guilded eue-  
ry ſtate,  
So that ſome Princes haue ſome  
temperance;  
Some Gounſaylors ſome purpoſe  
to aduance  
The common profite; and ſome  
people haue  
Some ſtay, no more then Kings  
ſhould giue, to craue;  
Some women haue ſome taciturnity,

Some

Some Nunneries, some graines of  
chastity.

She that did thus much, and much  
more could doe,

But that our age was Iron, and ru-  
sty too,

Shee, shee is dead ; shee's dead :  
when thou knowest this,

Thou knowest how drie a Cinder  
this world is.

And learnst thus much by our  
Anatomy,

That'tis in vaine to dew, or mol-  
lifie

It with thy Teares, or Sweat, or  
Bloud : no thing

Is worth our trauaile, grieve, or pe-  
rishing,

But those rich ioyes, which did pos-  
seffe her heart,

Of which shee's now partaker, and  
a part.

But



*The first Anniiuersarie.*

41

*Conclusion.*

But as in cutting vp a man that's  
dead,  
The body will not last out to haue  
read  
On euery part, and therefore men  
direct  
Their speech to parts, that are of  
most effect;  
So the worlds carcasfe would not  
last, if I  
Were punctuall in this Anato-  
my.  
Nor smels it well to hearers, if one  
tell  
Them their disease, who faine  
would thinke they're wel.  
Here therefore be the end : And,  
blessed maid,  
Of whom is meant what euer hath  
beene said,  
Or shall be spoken well by any  
tongue,

D

Whose

Whose name refines course lines,  
and makes prose song,  
Accept this tribute, and his first  
yeeres rent,  
Who till his darke short tapers end  
be spent,  
As oft as thy feast sees this wi-  
dowed earth,  
Will yearly celebrate thy second  
birth,  
That is, thy death. For though the  
soule of man  
Be got when man is made, 'tis  
borne but than  
When man doth die. Our body's  
as the wombe,  
And as a mid-wife death directs it  
home.  
And you her creatures, whom she  
workes vpon  
And haue your last, and best con-  
coction

From

From her example, and her vertue,  
if you  
In reuerence to her, doe thinke it  
due,  
That no one should her prayſes  
thus reherſe,  
As matter fit for Chronicle, not  
verſe,  
Vouchſafe to call to minde, that  
God did make  
A laſt, and laſtingſt peece, a ſong.  
He ſpake  
To *Moses*, to deliuer vnto  
all,  
That ſong: becauſe he knew they  
would let fall,  
The Law, the Prophets, and the  
Hiſtory,  
But keepe the ſong ſtill in their  
memory.  
Such an opinion (in due meaſure)  
made

Me this great Office boldly to in-  
uade.

Nor could incomprehensiblenesse  
deterre

Me, from thus trying to emprison  
her.

Which when I saw that a strict  
graue could doe,

I saw not why verse might not doe  
so too.

Verse hath a middle nature : Hea-  
uen keepes foules,

The Graue keepes bodies, Verse  
the same enroules.

A





A FVNERALL  
ELEGIE.

**T**Is lost, to trust a Tombe with  
such a ghest,  
Or to confine her in a Marble  
chest.  
*Alas, what's Marble, Teat, or  
Porphiry,  
Priz'd with the Chrysolite of ei-  
ther eye,  
Or with those Pearles, and Rubies  
which shee was?  
Ioyne the two Indies in one Tombe,  
'tis glas;  
And so is all to her mate-  
rials,*

D 3      Though

## A Funerall Elegie.

Though euery inche were ten escu-  
rials.

Yet shee's demolisbed: Can we keepe  
her then

In workes of hands, or of the wits of  
m n?

Can these memorials, ragges of paper,  
giue

Life to that name, by which name  
they must liue?

Sickly, alas, short-liu'd, aborted  
bee

Those Carakas verses, whose soule is  
not shee.

And can shee, who no longer would be  
shee,

Being such a Tabernacle, stoop to  
bee

In paper wrapt; Or, when she would  
not lie

In such a house, dwell in an Ele-  
gie?

But

A Funerall Elegie.

47

But 'tis no matter ; we may well allow  
Verse to live so long as the world  
will now  
For her death wounded it. The world  
contains  
Princes for armes, and Counsailors  
for braines,  
Lawyers for tongues, Diuines for  
hearts, and more,  
The Rich for stomachs and for  
backes the Pore ;  
The officers for hands, Merchants for  
feet  
By which remote and distant Coun-  
tries meet.  
But those fine spirits which doe tune  
and set  
This Organ, are those peeces which  
beget  
Wonder and loue; And these were  
shee ; and shee

D 4

Bring

*Being spent, the world must needs  
decrepit bee.*

*For since death will proceed to tri-  
umph still,*

*He can finde nothing, after her, to  
kill,*

*Except the world it selfe, so great as  
shee.*

*Thus braue and confident may Na-  
ture bee,*

*Death cannot giue her such another  
blow,*

*Because shee cannot such another  
show.*

*But must we say shee's dead? May't  
not be said*

*That as a sundred Clocke is peece-  
meale laid,*

*Not to be lost, but by the makers  
hand*

*Repolish'd, without error then to  
stand,*

*Or*



*Or as the Affrique Niger streame en-  
wombs*

*It selfe into the earth, and after  
comes,*

*(Having first made a naturall bridge,  
to passe*

*For many leagues, ) farre greater  
then it was,*

*May't not be said, that her graue shall  
restore*

*Her, greater, purer, firmer, then  
before?*

*Heauen may say this, and ioy in't; but  
can wee*

*Who line, and lacke her, here this  
vantage see?*

*What is't to vs, alas, if there haue  
beene*

*An Angell made a Throne, or Che-  
rubin?*

*We lose by't: And as aged men are  
glad*

*Being*

Being tastelesse growne, to ioy in  
ioyes they had,  
So now the sicke staru'd world must  
feed vpon  
This ioy, that we had her, who now  
is gone.  
Reioyce then nature, and this world,  
that you  
Fearing the last fires hastning to  
subdue  
Your force and vigor, ere it were  
neere gone,  
Wisely bestow'd, and laid it all on  
one.  
One, whose cleare body was so pure,  
and thin,  
Because it need disguise no thought  
within.  
T'was but a through-light scarfe, her  
minde t'enroule,  
Or exhalation breath'd out from  
her soul.

One,

A Funerall Elegie.

51

On, whom all men who durst no  
more, admir'd,  
And w<sup>om</sup>, who ere had worthe-  
nough, desir'd;  
As when a Temple's built, Saints  
emulate  
To which of them, it shall be conse-  
crate.  
But as when Heauen lookes on vs  
with new eyes,  
Those new starres enery Artist ex-  
ercise,  
What place they should assigne to them  
they doubt.  
Argue, and agree not, till those  
starres goe out  
So the world studied whose this peece  
sh<sup>ould</sup> be,  
Till she can be no bodies else, nor  
sh<sup>e</sup>:  
But like a Lampe of Balsamum, de-  
sir'd

Rather

## A Funerall Elegie.

Rather t' adorne, then last, shee  
 soone expir'd;  
 Cloath'd in her Virgin white inte-  
 grity;  
 For marriage, though it doe not  
 staine, doth dye.  
 To scape th' infirmities which waite  
 vpon  
 Woman, shee went away, before  
 sh' was one.  
 And the worlds busie noyse to over-  
 come,  
 Tooke so much death, as seru'd for  
 opium.  
 For though she could not, nor could  
 chuse to die,  
 Shee'as hyeelded to too long an  
 Extasie.  
 He which not knowing her said Hi-  
 storie,  
 Should come to read the booke of  
 destinie,

How

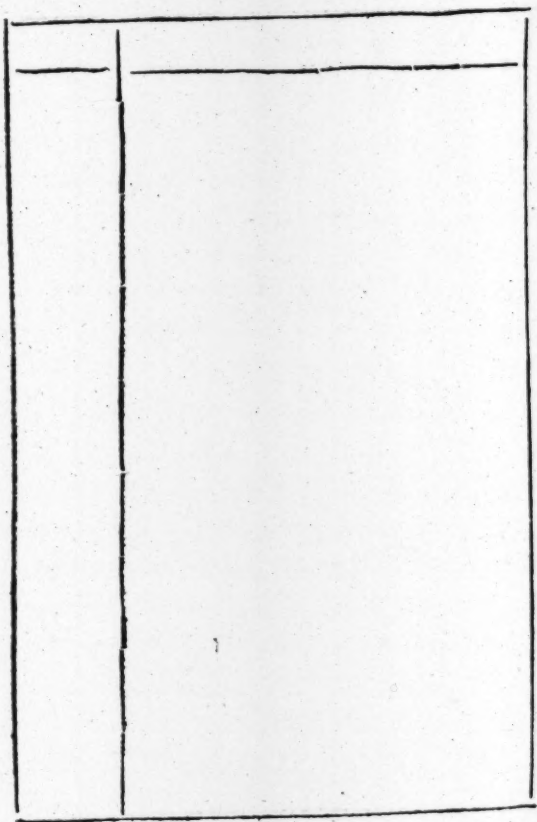
How faire and chaste, humble and  
high shee'ad beene,  
Much promis'd, much perform'd, at  
not fiftene,  
And measuring future things, by  
things before,  
Should turne the leafe to read, and  
read no more,  
Would thinke that either destinie  
mistooke,  
Or that some leaues were torne out  
of the booke.  
But 'tis not so : Fate did but vsber  
her  
To yeares of Reasons vse, and then  
infer  
Her destinie to her selfe; which li-  
bertie  
Shee tooke but for thus much, thus  
much to die.  
Her modesty not suffering her to  
bee

Fellow.

*Fellow-Commissioner with desti-  
nee,  
Shee did no more but die ; if after  
her  
Any shall liue, which dare true good  
prefer,  
Euery such person is her dele-  
gate,  
To accomplish that which should  
haue beene her fate.  
They shall make vp that booke, and  
shall haue thanks  
Of fate and her, for filling vp thir  
blanks.  
For future vertuous deeds are Lega-  
cies.  
Which from the gift of her example  
rise.  
And 'tis in heav'n part of spirituall  
mirth,  
To see how well, the good play her,  
on earth.*

FINIS.







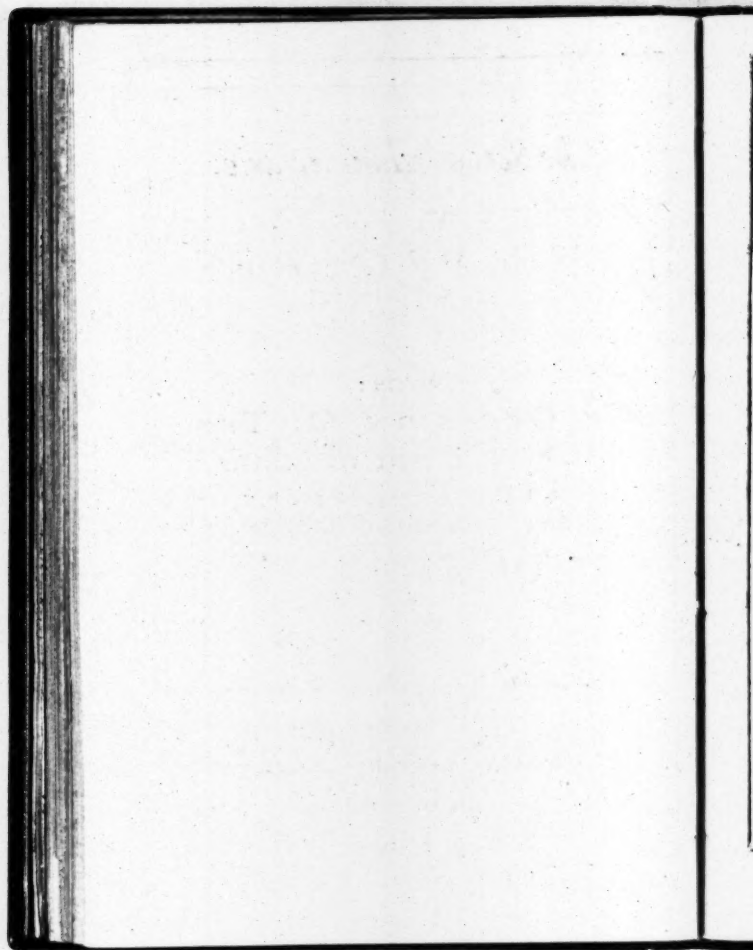
*The Second Anniversarie.*  
OF  
THE PROGRES  
of the Soule.

*Wherein :*  
BY OCCASION OF THE  
Religious Death of Mistris  
ELIZABETH DRVRY,  
the incommodities of the Soule  
*in this life and her exaltation in*  
the next, are Contem-  
*plated.*

---

LONDON,  
Printed by *M. Bradwood* for *S. Macham*, and are  
to be sould at his shop in Pauls Church-yard at  
the signe of the Bull-head.  
1612.

---





THE HARBINGER  
to the Progres.

**T**Wo soules moue here, and mine  
(a third) must moue  
Paces of admiration, and of  
loue;  
Thy soule (Deare Virgin) whose  
this tribute is,  
Mou'd from this mortall sphere to  
liuely blisse;  
And yet moues still, and still aspires  
to see  
The worlds last day, thy glories full  
degree :

## The Harbinger

Like as those starres which thou  
ore-lookest farre,  
Are in their place, and yet still  
moued are

No soule (whiles with the lugage of  
this clay

It clogged is) can follow thee halfe  
way;

Or see thy flight; which doth our  
thoughts outgoe

So fast, that now the lightning  
moues but slow:

But now thou art as high in hea-  
uen flowne

As hea'ns from vs; what soule  
besides thine owne

Can tell thy ioyes, or say he can re-  
relate

Thy

to the Progresse.

*Thy glorious Iournals in that blessed state ?*

*I enuie thee (Rich soule) I enuy thee,*

*Although I cannot yet thy glory see :*

*And thou (Great spirit) which her's follow'd hast*

*So fast, as none can follow thine so fast ;*

*So farre as none can follow thine so farre,*

*(And if this flesh did not the passage barre*

*Had'st raught her) let me wonder at thy flight*

*Which long agoe had'st lost the vnlgar sight*

## The Harbinger

And now mak'st proud the better  
eyes, that thay  
Can see thee less'ned in thine aery  
way ;  
So while thou mak'st her soules by  
progressse knowne  
Thou mak'st a noble progressse of  
thine owne.  
From this worlds carcassee hauing  
mounted hie  
To that pure life of Immorta-  
litie ;  
Since thine aspiring thoughts them-  
selues so raise  
That more may not besee me a crea-  
tures praise,  
Yet still thou vow'st her more ; and  
euery yeare

Mak'st

to the Progres.

Mak'st a new progresse, while thou  
wandrest here ;

Still upwards mount ; and let thy  
maker's praise

Honor thy Laura , and adorne thy  
laies.

And since thy Muse her head in  
heauen shrouds

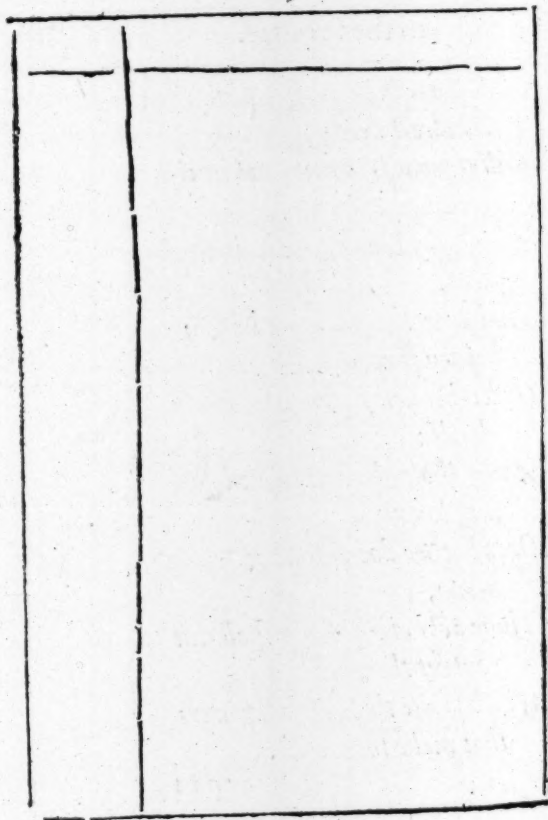
Oh let her neuer stoope below the  
clouds :

And if those glorious sainted soules  
may know

Or what we doe , or what we sing  
below,

Those acts , those songs shall still  
content them best

Which praise those awfull powers  
that make them blest.







*The Second Anniuersarie.*

OF  
THE PROGRES  
*of the Soule.*

Nothing could make mee sooner to confesse.

That this world had an euerlastingnesse,

Then to consider, that a yeare is runne,

Since both this lower worlds, and the Sunnes Sunne,

The Lustre, and the vigor of this All,

Did

*The entrance.*

Did set; t'were Blasphemy, to say,  
did fall.

But as a ship which hath strooke  
saile, doth runne,

By force of that force which be-  
fore, it wonne,

Or as sometimes in a beheaded  
man,

Through at those two Red seas,  
which freely ran,

One from the Trunke, another  
from the Head,

His soule be saild, to her eternall  
bed,

His eies will twinckle, and his  
tongue will roll,

Asthough he beckned, and cal'd  
backe his Soul,

He graspes his hands, and he puls  
vp his feet,

And seemes to reach, and to step  
forth to meet.

His

*The second Anniversarie.*

3

His soule, when all these motions  
which we saw,  
Are but as Ice, which crackles at a  
thaw :

Or as a Lute, which in moist wea-  
ther, rings  
Her knell alone, by cracking of her  
strings.

So struggles this dead world, now  
shee is gone ;

For there is motion in corrup-  
tion.

As some Daies are , at the Creati-  
on nam'd,

Before the sunne, the which fram'd  
Daies, was fram'd,

So after this sunnes set, some show  
appeares,

And orderly vicisitude of  
yeares.

Yet a new Deluge, and of Lethe  
flood,

Harth

Hath drown' vs all, All haue forgot  
all good,  
Forgetting her, the maine Reserue  
of all,  
Yet in this Deluge, grosse and ge-  
nerall,  
Thou seest mee striue for life ; my  
life shalbe,  
To bee hereafter prais'd, for pray-  
sing thee,  
Immortal Mayd, who though thou  
wouldst refuse  
The name of Mother, be vnto my  
Muse,  
A Father since her chaste Ambition  
is,  
Yearely to bring forth such a child  
as this.  
These Hymes may worke on fu-  
ture wits, and so  
May great Grand-children of thy  
praises grow.

And

*The second Anniuersarie.*

5

And so, though not Reuiue, em-  
balme, and spice

The world, which else would pu-  
trify with vice.

for thus, Man may extend thy pro-  
geny,

Vntill man doe but vanish, and not  
die.

These Hymns thy issue, may en-  
crease so long,

As till Gods great Venite change  
the song.

Thirst for that time, O my insatiate  
soule,

And serue thy thirst, with Gods  
safe-sealing Bowle.

Bee thirsty still, and drinke still till,  
thou goe;

T'o th'onely Health, to be Hy-  
droptique so.

Forget this rotten world; And vnto  
thee,

Let

*A iust dis-  
estimation  
of this  
world.*

Let thine owne times as an old story be

Be not concern'd : study not why,  
nor whan ;

Do not so much, as not beleene a  
man.

For though to erre, be worst, to  
try truths forth,

Is far more busines, then this world  
is worth.

The World is but a Carkas ; thou  
art fed

By it, but as a worme, that carcas  
bred ;

And why shouldst thou, poore  
worme, consider more,

When this world will grow better  
then before,

Then those thy fellow wormes doe  
thinke vpon

That carkasses last resurrecti-  
one.

Forget

Forget this world, and scarce thinke  
of it so,

As of old cloaths, cast of a yeare  
agoe.

To be thus stupid is Ala-  
cridy ;

Men thus lethargique haue best  
Memory.

Looke vpward ; that's towards her,  
whose happy state

We now lament not, but congra-  
tulate.

Shee, to whom all this world twas  
but a stage,

Where all sat harkning how her  
youthfull age

Should be emploid, because in all,  
shee did,

Some Figure of the Golden times,  
was hid.

Who could not lacke, what ere  
this world could giue,

Because

Because shee was the forme, that  
made it liue;  
Nor could complaine, that this  
world was vnfit,  
To be staid in, then when shee was  
in it;  
Shee that first tried indifferent de-  
sires  
By vertue, and vertue by religious  
fires,  
Shee to whose person Paradise ad-  
hear'd,  
As Courts to Princes; shee whose  
eies enspeard  
Star-light inough, & haue made the  
South controll,  
(Had shee beene there) the Star-  
full Northern Pole,  
Shee, shee is gone; shee is gone;  
when thou knowest this,  
What fragmentary rubbidge this  
world is.

Thou



*The second Anniversarie.*

9

Thou knowest, and that it is not  
worth a thought;  
He honors it too much that thinks  
it nought.

Thinke then, My soule, that death  
is but a Groome,

Which brings a Taper to the out-  
ward romme,

Whence thou spiest first a little  
glimmering light,

And after brings it nearer to thy  
fight :

For such approches doth Heauen  
make in death.

Thinke thy selfe laboring now with  
broken breath,

And thinke those broken and soft  
Notes to bee

Diuision, and thy happiest Har-  
monee.

Thinke thee laid on thy death bed,  
loose and slacke;

F

And

*Contempla-  
tion of our  
state in our  
death-bed.*

And thinke that but vnbinding of  
a packe,  
To take one precious thing, thy  
soule, from thence.  
Thinke thy selfe parch'd with fe-  
uers violence,  
Anger thine Ague more, by cal-  
ling it  
Thy Physicke; chide the slacknesse  
of the fit.  
Thinke that thou hearst thy knell,  
and thinke no more,  
But that, as Bels cal'd thee to  
Church before,  
So this, to the Triumphant  
Church, calls thee.  
Thinke Satans Sergeants round  
about thee bee,  
And thinke that but for Legacies  
they thrust;  
Giue one thy Pride, to' another  
giue thy Lust:

Giue

*The second Anniversarie.*

11

Giue them those sinnes which they  
gaue thee before,  
And trust th'immaculate blood to  
wash thy score.

Thinke thy frinds weeping round,  
and thinke that thay  
Weepe but because they goe not  
yet thy way.

Thinke that they close thine eyes,  
and thinke in this,

That they confesse much in the  
world, amisse,

Who dare not trust a dead mans  
eye with that,

Which they from God, and An-  
gels couer not.

Thinke that they shroud thee vp,  
and thinke from thence

They reinuest thee in white inno-  
cence.

Thinke that thy body rots, and  
(if so lowe,

*Of the Progres of the Soule:*

Thy soule exalted so, thy thoughts  
can goe.)

Thinke the a Prince, who of them-  
selues create

Wormes which insensibly deuoure  
their state.

Thinke that they bury thee, and  
thinke that right

Laies thee to sleepe but a saint Lu-  
cies night.

Thinke these things cheerefully :  
and if thou bee

Drowfie or slacke, remember then  
that shee,

Shee whose Complexion was so  
euen made,

That which of her Ingredients  
should inuade

The other three, no Feare, no Art  
could guesse :

So far were all remou'd from more  
or lesse.

But

*The second Annuerfarie.*

13

But as in Mithridate, or iust per-  
fumes,  
Where all good things being met,  
no one presumes  
To gouerne, or to triumph no the  
rest,  
Onely because all were, no part  
was best.  
And as, though all doe know, that  
quantities  
Are made of lines, and lines from  
Points arise,  
None can these lines or quantities  
vnioynt,  
And say this is a line, or this a  
point,  
So though the Elements and Hu-  
mors were  
In her, one could not say, this go-  
uernes there.  
Whose euen constitution might  
haue worne

F 3

Any

Any disease to venter on the  
Sunne,  
Rather then her : and make a spirit  
feare  
That he to disuniting subiect  
were.  
To whose proportions if we would  
compare  
Cubes, th'are vnstable ; Circles,  
Angulare ;  
Shee who was such a Chaine, as  
Fate emploies  
To bring mankind, all Fortunes it  
enioies,  
So fast, so euen wrought, as one  
would thinke,  
No Accident, could threaten any  
linke,  
Shee, shee embrac'd a sicknesse,  
gaue it meat,  
The purest Blood, and Breath, that  
ere it eat.

And

And hath taught vs that though a  
good man hath  
Title to Heauen, and plead it by  
his Faith,  
And though he may pretend a  
conquest, since  
Heauen was content to suffer violence,  
Yea though he plead along possession too,  
(For they are in Heauen on Earth,  
who Heauens workes do,)  
Though he had right, and power,  
and Place before,  
Yet Death must vs her, and vnlocke  
the doore.  
Thinke further on thy selfe, my  
soule, and thinke;  
How thou at first wast made but  
in a sinke;  
Thinke that it argued some infirmitee,

*Accommodi-  
ties of the  
Soule in the  
Body.*

That those two soules, which then  
thou foundst in mee,  
Thou fedst vpon, And drewst into  
thee, both  
My second soule of sence, and first  
of growth.  
Thinke but how poore thou wast,  
how obnoxious,  
Whom a small lump of flesh could  
poison thus.  
This curded milke, this poore vnli-  
tered whelpe  
My body, could, beyond escape,  
or helpe,  
Infect thee with originall sinne,  
and thou  
Couldst neither then refuse, nor  
leauē it now.  
Thinke that no stubborne sullen  
Anchorit,  
Which fixt to'a Pillar, or a Graue  
doth sit

Bedded



Beddded and Bath'd in all his Or-  
dures, dwels  
So fowly as our foules, in their first-  
built Cels.  
Thinke in how poore a prifon thou  
didst lie  
After, enabled but to fucke, and  
crie.  
Thinke, when t'was growne to  
moft, t'was a poore Inne,  
A Prouince Pack'd vp in two yards  
of skinne.  
And that vsurped, or threatned  
with the rage  
Of fickneffes, or their true mother,  
Age.  
But thinke that Death hath now  
enfranchis'd thee,  
Thou haft thy' expaufion now and  
libertee;  
Thinke that a rusty Peece, dif-  
charg'd, is flowen

*Her liberty  
by death.*

In

In peeces, and the bullet is his  
owne,  
And freely flies : This to thy soule  
allow,  
Thinke thy sheel broke, thinke thy  
Soule hatch'd but now.  
And thinke this slow-pac'd soule,  
which late did cleaue,  
To a body, and went but by the bo-  
dies leaue,  
Twenty, perchance, or thirty mile  
a day,  
Dispatches in a minute all the  
way,  
Twixt Heauen, and Earth : shee  
staies not in the Ayre,  
To looke what Meteors there  
themselues prepare ;  
Shee carries no desire to know, nor  
sense,  
Whether th'Ayrs middle Region  
be intense,

For

For th' Element of fire, ſhee doth  
not know,

Whether ſhee paſt by ſuch a place  
or no;

Shee baits not at the Moone, nor  
cares to trie,

Whether in that new world, men  
live, and die.

Venus regards her not, to'enquire,  
how ſhee

Can, (being one Star) Heſper, and  
Veſper bee,

Hee that charm'd Argus eies,  
ſweet Mercury,

Wotkes not on her, who now is  
growen all Ey;

Who, if ſhee meete the body of  
the Sunne,

Goes through, not ſtaying till his  
courſe be runne;

Who finds in Mars his Campe, no  
corps of Guard;

Nor

Nor is by Ioue, nor by his father  
bard;  
But ere shee can consider how shee  
went,  
At once is at, and through the Fir-  
mament.  
And as these stars were but so ma-  
ny beades  
Strunge on one string, speed vndi-  
stinguish'd leades  
Her through those spheares, as  
through the beades, a string,  
Whose quicke succession makes it  
still one thing :  
As doth the Pith, which, least our  
Bodies slacke,  
Strings fast the little bones of  
necke, and backe;  
So by the soule doth death string  
Heauen and Earth,  
For when our soule enioyes this her  
third birth,

Creation

( Creation gaue her one, a second,  
grace, )

Heauen is as neare, and present to  
her face,

As colours are, and obiects, in a  
roome

Where darknesse was before,  
when Tapers come.

This must, my soule, thy long-short  
Progress be;

To aduance these thoughts, re-  
member then, that shee

Shee, whose faire body no such  
prison was,

But that a soule might well be  
pleas'd to passe

An Age in her; shee whose rich  
beauty lent

Mintage to others beauties, for  
they went

But for so much, as they were like  
to her;

Shee,

Shee, in whose body (if wee dare  
prefer  
This low world, to so high a mark,  
as shee,)  
The Westerne treasure, Esterne  
spiceree,  
Europe, and Afrique, and the vn-  
knownen rest  
Were easily found, or what in them  
was best ;  
And when w<sup>r</sup> aue made this large  
Discoueree,  
Of all in her some one part then  
will bee  
Twenty such parts, whose plenty  
and riches is  
Inough to make twenty such  
worlds as this ;  
Shee, whom had they knowne,  
who did first betroth  
The Tutelar Angels, and assigned  
one, both

To

To Nations, Cities, and to Companies;  
To Functions, Offices, and Dignities,  
And to each ſeverall man, to him,  
and him,  
They would haue giuen her one  
for euery limme;  
Shee, of whoſe ſoule, if we may  
ſay, 'twas Gold,  
Her body was th' Electrum, and  
did hold  
Many degrees of that ; (we vnder-  
ſtood  
Her by her ſight, her pure and elo-  
quent blood  
Spoke in her cheekes, and ſo di-  
ſtinckly wrought,  
That one might almoſt ſay, her bo-  
die thought,  
Shee, ſhee, thus richly, and large-  
ly hous'd, is gone:

And

*Her igno-  
rance in this  
life and  
knowledge  
in the next.*

And chides vs slow-pac'd snailles,  
who crawle vpon  
Our prisons prison, earth, nor thinke  
vs well  
Longer, then whil'st we beare our  
brittle shell.  
But t'were but little to haue  
chang'd our roome,  
If, as we were in this our liuing  
Tombe  
Oppress'd with ignorance, we still  
were so,  
Poore soule in this thy flesh what  
do'st thou know.  
Thou know'st thy selfe so little, as  
thou know'st not,  
How thou did'st die, nor how thou  
wast begot.  
Thou neither know'st, how thou at  
first camest in,  
Nor how thou took'st the poyson  
of mans sin.

Nor



Nor dost thou, (though thou  
knowst, that thou art so)  
By what way thou art made im-  
mortall, know.  
Thou art too narrow, wretch,  
to comprehend  
Euen thy selfe: yea though thou  
wouldst but bend  
To know thy body. Haue not all  
soules thought  
For many ages, that our body's  
wrought  
Of Ayre, and Fire, and other Ele-  
ments?  
And now they thinke of new ingre-  
dients.  
And one soule thinkes one, and a-  
nother way  
Another thinkes, and ty's an euen  
lay  
Knowst thou but how the stone  
doth enter in

The bladders Caue, and neuer  
breake the skin?  
Knowst thou how blood, which to  
the hart doth flow,  
Doth from one ventricle to  
th'other go?  
And for the putrid stufte, which  
thou dost spit,  
Knowst thou how thy lungs haue  
attracted it?  
There are no passages so that  
there is  
(For ought thou knowst) piercing  
of substances.  
And of those many opinions which  
men raise  
Of Nails and Haires, dost thou  
know which to praise?  
What hope haue we to know our  
selues, when wee  
Know not the least things, which  
for our vse bee?

We

We see in Authors, too stiffe to recant.

A hundred controuersies of an Ant.

And yet one watches, starues, free-  
ses, and sweats,

To know but Catechismes and  
Alphabets

Of vnconcerning things, matters  
of fact;

How others on our stage their  
parts did Act;

What Cæsar did, yea, and what  
Cicero said.

Why grasse is Greene, or why our  
blood is red,

Are mysteries which none haue  
reach'd vnto.

In this low forme, poore soule what  
wilt thou doe?

When wilt thou shake of this Pe-  
dantery,

Of being thought by sense, and  
Fantasy?  
Thou look'st through spectacles;  
small things seeme great,  
Below; But vp vnto the watch-  
towre get,  
And see all things despoild of falla-  
cies:  
Thou shalt not peepe through lat-  
tices of eies,  
Nor heare through Laberinth of  
cares, nor learne  
By circuit, or collections to dis-  
cerne.  
In Heauen thou straight know'st  
all, concerning it,  
And what concerns it not, shall  
straight forget.  
There thou (but in no other  
schoole) maist bee  
Perchance, as learned, and as full,  
as shee,

Shee

Shee who all Libraries had  
thoroughly red  
At home, in her owne thoughts,  
And practised  
So much good as would make as  
many more:  
Shee whose example they must all  
implore,  
Who would or doe, or thinke well,  
and confesse  
That aie the vertuous Actions they  
expresse,  
Are but a new, and worse edi-  
tion,  
Of her some one thought, or one  
action:  
Shee, who in th' Art of knowing  
Heauen, was growen  
Here vpon Earth, to such perfe-  
ction,  
That shee hath, euer since to  
Heauen shee came,

(In a far fairer point,) but read the  
same :

Shee, shee, not satisfied withall  
this waite,

(For so much knowledge, as would  
ouer-fraite

Another, did but Ballast her) is  
gone,

As well t'enioy, as get perfecti-  
one.

And calvs after her, in that shee  
tooke,

(Taking herselfe) our best, and  
worthiest booke.

Returne not, my soule, from this  
extasee,

And meditation of what thou shalt  
bee,

To earthly thoughts, till it to thee  
appeare,

With whom thy conuersation  
must be there.

With

*Of our comp-  
pany in this  
life and in  
the next.*

With whom wilt thou Conuerse?  
what station  
Canst thou choose out, free from  
infection,  
That wil nor giue thee theirs, nor  
drinke in thine?  
Shalt thou not finde a spungy slack  
Diuine  
Drinke and sucke in th' Instructions  
of Great men,  
And for the word of God, vent  
them agen?  
Are there not some Courts, (And  
then, no things bee  
So like as Courts) which, in this  
let vs see,  
That wits and tongues of Libellars  
are weake,  
Because they doe more ill, then  
these can speake?  
The poyson is gone through all,  
poysons affect

Chiefly the cheefest parts, but  
some effect  
In Nailes, and Haires, yea excre-  
ments, will shew ;  
So wise the poyson of sinne, in the  
most low,  
Vp vp, my drowisie soule, where  
thy new eare  
Shall in the Angels songs no dis-  
cord heare ;  
Where thou shalt see the blessed  
Mother-maid  
Ioy in not being that, which men  
haue said.  
Where shee'is exalted more for  
being good,  
Then for her interest, of mother-  
hood.  
Vp to those Patriarckes, which did  
longer sit  
Expecting Christ, then they haue  
enioy'd him yet.



Vp to those Prophets, which now  
gladly see

Their Prophecies growen to be  
Historee.

Vp to th'Apostles, who did braue-  
ly runne,

All the Sunnes course, with more  
light then the Sunne.

Vp to those Martyrs, who did  
calmely bleed

Oyle to th'Apostles lamps, dew to  
their seed.

Vp to those Virgins, who thoughts  
that almost

They made ioyntenants with the  
Holy Ghost,

If they to any should his Temple  
giue.

Vp, vp, for in that Squadron there  
doth liue

Shee, who hath carried thether,  
new degrees

(As

(As to their number) to their dignitees.

Shee, who beeing to herselfe, a state enioyd

All royalties which any state emploid,

For shee made wars, and triumph'd, resen still

Did not ouerthrow, but rectifie her will :

And shee made peace, for no peace is like this,

That beauty and chastity together kisse :

Shee did high iustice; for shee crucified

Every first motion of rebellious pride :

And shee gaue pardons, and was liberall,

For, onely her selfe except, shee pardond all :

Shee

Shee coynd, in this, that her im-  
pressions gaue  
To all our actions all the worth  
they haue:  
Shee gaue protections; the  
thoughts of her brest  
Satans rude Officers could nere ar-  
rest.  
As these prerogatiues being met in  
one,  
Made her a soueraigne state, reli-  
gion  
Made her a Church; and these two  
made her all.  
Shee who was all this All, and  
could not fall  
To worse, by company; (for shee  
was still  
More Antidote, then all the world  
was ill,  
Shee, shee doth leaue it, and by  
Death, suruiue

All

*Of essentiall  
ioy in this  
life and in  
the next.*

All this, in Heauen; whether who  
doth not strue

The more, because shee'is there,  
he doth not know

That accidentall ioyes in Heauen  
doe grow.

But pause, My soule, and study ere  
thou fall

On accidentall ioyes, th'essenti-  
all.

Still before Accessories doe  
abide

A triall, must the principall be  
tride.

And what essentiall ioy canst thou  
expect

Here vpon earth? what permanent  
effect

Of transitory causes? Dost thou  
loue

Beauty? (And Beauty worthyest is  
to moue)

Poore

Poore couse'ned cose'nor, that she,  
and that thou,  
Which did begin to loue, are nei-  
ther now.

You are both fluid, chang'd since  
yesterday ;

Next day repaires, (but ill) last  
daies decay.

Nor are, (Although the riuer keep  
the name)

Yesterdaies waters, and to daies  
the same.

So flowes her face, and thine eies,  
neither now

That saint, nor Pilgrime, which  
your louing row

Concern'd, remaines ; but whil'st  
you thinke you bee

Constant, you're howrely in in-  
constancee.

Honour may haue pretence vnto  
our loue,

Because

Because that God did liue so long  
about

Without this Honour, and then  
lou'd it so,

That he at last made Creatures to  
to bestow

Honor on him; not that he needed  
it,

But that, to his hands, man might  
grow more fit.

But since all honors from inferiors  
flow,

(For they doe giue it; Princes doe  
but show

Whom they would haue so ho-  
nord) and that this

On such opinions, and capaci-  
ties

Is built, as rise, and fall, to more  
and lesse,

Alas, tis but a casuall happi-  
nesse.

Hath

Hath euer any man to'himselfe assigned  
This or that happinesse, to'arrest  
his minde,  
But that another man, which takes  
a worse,  
Thinke him a foole for hauing  
tane that course?  
They who did labour Babels tower  
to'rect,  
Might haue considerd, that for  
that effect,  
All this whole solid Earth could  
not allow  
Nor furnish forth Materials  
enow;  
And that this Center, to raise such  
a place  
Was far to little, to haue beene  
the Base;  
No more affords this worlds,  
foundatione

To

To erect true ioye, were all the  
meanes in one.

But as the Heathen made them  
feuerall gods,

Of all Gods Benefits, and all his  
Rods,

(For as the Wine, and Corne, and  
Onions are

Gods vnto them, so Agues bee,  
and war)

And as by changing that whole  
precious Gold

To such small copper coynes, they  
lost the old,

And lost their onely God, who  
euer must

Be sought alone, and not in such a  
thrust,

So much mankind true happinesse  
mistakes ;

No ioye enioyes that man, that  
many makes.

Then,



Then, soule, to thy first pitch  
worke vpon againe ;  
Know that all lines which circles  
doe containe,  
For once that they the center  
touch, do touch  
Twice the circumference ; and be  
thou such.  
Double on Heauen , thy thoughts  
on Earth employd ;  
All will not serue ; Onely who haue  
enjoyd  
The sight of God, in fulnesse, can  
thinke it ;  
For it is both the object, and the  
wit.  
This is essentiall ioye, where nei-  
ther hee  
Can suffer Diminution, nor  
wee ;  
Tis such a full, and such a filling  
good ;

H

Had

Had th' Angels once look'd on him,  
they had stood.

To fill the place of one of them, or  
more,

Shee whom we celebrate, is gone  
before.

Shee, who had Here so much es-  
sentiall ioye.

As no chance could distract, much  
lesse destroy;

Who with Gods presence was ac-  
quainted so,

(Hearing, and speaking to him) as  
to know

His face, in any naturall Stone, or  
Tree,

Better then when in Images they  
bee :

Who kept, by diligent deu-  
tion,

Gods Image, in such repara-  
tion,

Within

Within her heart, that what decay  
was growen,  
Was her first Parents fault, and not  
her own :  
Who being solicited to any  
Act,  
Still heard God pleading his safe  
precontract;  
Who by a faithfull confidence,  
was here  
Betrothed to God, and now is mar-  
ried there,  
Whose twilights were more  
cleare, then our mid day,  
Who dreamt deuoutlier, then  
most vse to pray;  
Who being heare filld with grace,  
yet stroue to bee,  
Both where more grace, and more  
capacitee  
At once is giuen : shee to Heauen  
is gone,

H 2

Who

*Of accidentall  
ioyes in  
both places,*

Who made this world in some  
proportion  
A heauen, and here, became vnto  
vs all,  
Ioye, (as our ioyes admit) essen-  
tiall.  
But could this low world ioyes ef-  
fentiall touch,  
Heauens accidentall ioyes would  
passe them much.  
How poore and lame, must then  
our casuall bee ;  
If thy Prince will his subiects to call  
thee  
My Lord , and this doe swell thee,  
thou art than,  
By being a greater, growen to be  
lesse Man,  
When no Physician of Reders  
can speake,  
A ioyfull casuall violence may  
breake

A dangerous Apoſtem in thy  
breſt;  
And whilt thou ioyeſt in this, the  
dangerous reſt,  
The bag may riſe vp, and ſo ſtran-  
gle thee.  
What eie was caſuall, may euer  
bee.  
What ſhould the Nature change?  
Or make the ſame  
Certaine, which was but caſuall,  
when it came?  
All caſuall ioye doth loud and  
plainly ſay,  
Onely by coming, that it can  
away.  
Onely in Heauen ioies ſtrength is  
neuer ſpent;  
And accidentall things are per-  
manent.  
Ioy of a ſoules arriuall nere  
decaies;

For that soule euer ioyes, and euer  
staies.

Ioy that their last great Consum-  
mation

Approches in the resur-  
rection;

When earthly bodies more cele-  
stiall

Shalbe, then Angels were, for they  
could fall;

This kind of ioy doth euery day ad-  
mit

Degrees of growth, but none of  
loosing it.

In this fresh ioy, tis no small part,  
that shee,

Shee, in whose goodnesse, he that  
names degree,

Doth iniure her; (Tis losse to be  
cald best,

There were the stufte is not such  
as the rest)

Shee,

Shee, who left such a body, as  
euen shee  
Onely in Heauen could learne,  
how it can bee  
Made better ; for shee rather was  
two soules,  
Or like to full, on both sides writ-  
ten Rols,  
Where eies might read vpon the  
outward skin,  
As strong Records for God, as  
mindes within,  
Shee, who by making full perfecti-  
on grow,  
Peeces a Circle, and still keepes it  
so,  
Long'd for, and longing for it, to  
heauen is gone,  
Where shee receiues, and giues  
addition.  
Here in a place, where mis-deuo-  
tion frames

*Conclusion.*

A thousand praiers to saints, whose  
very names

The ancient Church knew not,

Heauen knowes not yet,

And where, what lawes of poetry  
admit,

Lawes of religion, haue at least the  
same,

Immortall Maid, I might inroque  
thy name.

Could any Saint prouoke that ap-  
petite,

Thou here shouldst make mee a  
french conuertite.

But thou wouldst not; nor wouldst  
thou be content,

To take this, for my second yeeres  
true Rent,

Did this Coine beare any other  
stampe, then his,

That gaue thee power to doe me,  
to say this.

Since



Since his will is, that to posteritee,  
Thou shouldest for life, and death,  
a patterne bee,  
And that the world should notice  
haue of this,  
The purpose, and th'Autority is  
his;  
Thou art the Proclamation; and I  
ame  
The Trumpet, at whose voice the  
people came.

*FINIS.*